



Copyright, 1915, by Berial Publication Corporation.

Fifteenth Episode-"At Last, My Love!"

CHAPTER L

the mement that filtye met and half a dozen other men rushed June Ned Warner was spring- upon the flercely struggling men on the ing up the stairs, his jawa set floor and his fists clinched.

was thus that Ned Warner had. after all his weary pursuit, found his penia-in the presence of Gilbert Biye! Second Ned came the ronaway June Warner's stora found father and gentie faced mother; came Iria Blethering. June's towom friend; Bobble Blethermr. busined of life; came Marie, Jene's high cheek boned maid, with her friend and admirer, Officer Dowd; rams for old black Aund Debby, pantme and out of breath and shrieking for her Miss Junie; came that handsome and energetic colile, Beuncer, buplie and harking and encouraging the excitement with all his canine

For only an instant Ned Warner grood nonplessed before the door of the room; then by reland a chair, and, seriding to the door, he sweng the shair, while the others of the little strong, witirle had piled to after him,

Beyond the door the dark, handsome man with the black Yandrke had led



"The viner!" blazed Honoria Sive.

the beautiful little runaway bride to a leavy man with thick lidded eyes and a round head bristling with short tair. He sat in a chair, and in his hands was money. He rose as June was led up to him, and fato her bands he thrust the money. Then he smiled at her, while Gilbert Blye stepped back, sarrely smiling and stroking his black Vandyles with his long, lean

white fingers. Jone shrank from the fat hands which were about to be clasped upon her shoulders and from that wide. thick smile open the face of the beavy man and, houghing nervocaly, turned to Gilbert Hiye, who beat his dark, bandsome head above her and spoke to her in his low voice.

Crash!

The door spiintered and gave way, mrough it burst the wild eyed Ned Warner, his jaw set and his fiets clinched. For a second be stood be-Wildered by the strange light which finded this large room; then, with an such, he sprang for the black Vanflyked man. He clutched his fingers stround the throat and, with a savage four, bore Gilbert Hiye to the floot. The runaway bride uttered shrick aft-AT whetele.

At the door downstairs there stopped an electric coupe, driven by a sharp featured woman with a long nose and high arched brown. She jumped out, and from the dim ballway there came s short, thick man with a abort, thick stub of a cigar in one corner of his mouth. It was the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill

"Got him, Mrs. Blyef" he triumphantby husked. "Your husband is right upeffective—with the girl?"

The viper?' hissed Honoria Siye and farted into the dim hallway.

BUI Welf caught her as she started

up the states. Not so fast, madam?" he called and laid hold of her som. "This way. Distant."

But my husband! The girl, June!" "They're here all right, and they ran't get away. Here's your pictures. ha am, and here's your bill."

He handed her a large roll of paper and two photographs, one of Gilbert

Rive and one of Jone Warner. Upsteirs there was a scene of wild OWNERSONS. The runaway bride, ber nother, Iris Blothering and the vivaclous Tommy Thomas were screaming I white musiache and Bobble Blothering

"My husband," shricked June. "My husband?" And she ran around and around the excited pack of scrambling men, followed by the leaping, barking Bronnowr.

Into this tumultuous scene there rushed Marie and Officer Dowd and fat eld black Aunt Debby just as Bobble by main strength dragged from Gilbert Blye the maddened assnilant who had sprung upon him.

Gilbert Blye rose feeling of his throat, and for a moment he contemplated Ned Warner with dazed bewilderment; then a flosh of anger came into his cheeks. and his black eyes blazed.

"Let him go?" he yelled, and, thrust ing the heavy Edwards out of his way, he made a mad rush for the man who

had attempted to strangle bim-It was huge Officer Dowd who this time jumped in between the two furiour combutants and, with the aid of half a dozen young men, prevented the desperate encounter which would have

"My husband," sobbed June and tried to tkrow herself spon him, but he turned from her. "Ned! Mr. Blye!" A hand was laid upon Ned's arm-

iris Blethering's. She had forced her way through the excited throng-"Why, Ned?" she called, shaking his arm and looking at the eyes from which the light of reason seemed to have fied. "Ned, listen to me. It's

Iris! Don't you see? This is a motion picture studio? They all had to repeat it again and again before they could reach his dated intelligence. He had seen but two objects in all this buge room, crowded with its moving picture machines, its properties, its scenery, its bunks of straige lights, and those two objects had been his rimsway bride and Gli-

June! She stood now supported by nor father and mother, her large, has treus eyes turned appealingly on Ned. waiting the moment when she dired approach him again.

fort Bire.

"Den't you understand, Ned?" she franciculty cried. "Won't you under stand? It's a motion picture play!" Slowly he furned his glussy eyes to

her direction. He comprehended at last, but there was no softening to his face, for there still stood the dark, handsome Gilbert Blye. Ned made a sudden lunge for his coomy, but Officer Dowd, watching him narrowly, stopped She acreens perfectly." And he smiled

"You have been with that man ever trembling June and shaking his fager

In the shandoned bank room below with Honoria Blye and rolled out before her a bill, yards long, covering all the separate liens of his sleuthing on the trail of Gilbert Blye and June War-Ber.



iris and Father and Mother Moore Bent Forward Eagerly.

"Go over the list, ma'am, item by frem," confidently invited the faithful detective. "You'll find them correct. And here's a check on your own bank, all ready and made out for you to sign, and here's a fountsin pen, ma'am." Honoria Hiye took the long list and

began to check it off, item by item. In the studio above a score of indigmant eyes turned on Ned Warner, and there was a loud chorus of protest as he pointed accusingly at his unhappy

runsway bride. "What do you mean?" demanded the cold, atern voice of Gilbert Blye, and he advanced, his black eyes glowing. "This girl has done no wrong?"

They all talked at once, and they all talked indignantly at Ned Warner-Tommy Thomas, the white mustached Orin Cunningham, the round headed Edwards, Maris, Officer Dowd, Bobble and Iris Biethering and all the camera men and members of the Bire Stock company. According to them, June Warner was the sweetest and best little wife any man dared wish in hysteris, while the heavy man with for, and if Ned Warner chose to critithe thick epolice and the man with the t cise ber in any way he would have to

answer to every person here, including fut old black Aunt Debby, who breasted straight up to him, waddling her voluminous self defiantly from side to

"Looky hyan, you, Mr. Ned." she finred, and Booncer, who had been rushing around the separated bride and groom, stopped to bark fercelously up at Ned. "Ain't that Marie been with our honey ever since she done come an' got her clothes? Ain't you got no gumption? Why, looky bynh, if you say a word about our Miss Junie I'll jest about squash you!"

Iris and Father and Mother Moore best forward cogerly toward Ned, and all smiled reassuringly. Then father Moore turned to June. "My daughter," he said, "come

Mother and daughter wept in each

CHAPTER II.

other's arms.

TEDT It was a pathetic little figure which turned appealingly to the scowling young man. Her big eyes were full "It was all a mistake, dear!" She choked back her tears, and there was a tense silence, in which Ned Warner stood with cold eyes and folded arms walting.

"Ob. Ned, can't I make you see and understand?" And there was a piteous wistfulness about her. "We were all so happy on that day of our wedding, so happy as we started on our honeymoon trip! And when we stood alone in the Poliman drawing room, surrounded by our white ribboned baggage, there seemed to be no cloud in

"Then why did you leave me?" Ned Warner's voice was barab.

"It was the money!" Her lip trem-"Don't you remember when I bled. missed my purse? The porter came in just then, and you gave him a dollar. When he went out you gave me \$80 and in just the same generous way you gave it to the negro. The differ-EDCe WILE \$29."

They were all startled by the force of the comparison. Only Gilbert Blye smiled, and the smile did not escape

"Do you remember I cried and you put my head on your shoulder? thought I was tired, but I cried from humiliation. I felt like a beggar. I realized that for the rest of my life I would have to accept gifts of money from you. Then I dreamed about it. dreamed that I was a piteous little begger, always holding out my paims for alms; that I was receiving pay for being your wife just as mother paid Aunt Debby and Marie." Both Aunt Debby and Marie sniffed sympatheti-"And last of all I dreamed that I was being dragged bome from the altar by a ring in the nose as the savages of old dragged home their brides. And when the train stopped and woke me up I couldn't stand it. I threw down your money and run from the

"To meet this man," interrupted Ned sternly. "Gilbert Blye was waiting on the station platform at Taraville." And he noted that June looked at him in

ausyprise. "Hold on there!" Gilbert Blye spoke sharply. "I was waiting, but for a New York train. I had been to our Taraville factory. I saw this beautiful girl on the platform and thought immediately what a good motion pic ture subject she would be. I was right. approvingly at June.

since you left me?" savagely charged | Ned, and there was an implied sneer in Ned, turning suddenly toward the his tone. "You helped her on the train, and I saw you in the car talking with DerI'

"You?" Both the runaway bride and Bill Wolf stood near a dusty window the dark, handsome Blye asked that question.

"Yes. II" this triumphantly. "I caught an express and overtook your local as we pulled into the station at New York, and through the car windows I say you bending over her and smiling, and she was smiling up at FOD!

There was a pause, and the listeners looked from June to Blye and then at Ned.

"Oh, yes?" and June's brow cleared. "I had sold my watch to a funny old indy on the train to pay my fare. Mr. Blye bought the watch from her and very kindly offered to let me repurchase it whenever I found it convenlent. He gave me his cord; that was #11."

"All!" Ned thundered. "He chased you from the train in a taxi, and I followed, but I lost you both."

"I did not?" Blye bantedly retorted. "I jumped in a taxi and tore straight for Cunningham's botel," and he turned to the white mustached man for coroboration. "We were due at a dinner party that night and were to stop at Mrs. Russel's, where all the girls of the company afterward boarded."

"And I went straight to Iris!" added the aggrieved June.

"Indeed she did!" heartly agreed Iris. "She told us she had left you because you had given her money." And Bobble Blethering was still profoundly per-

"You remember I came out to the case for June's purse." Iris turned to Mr. and Mrs. Moore. "She wouldn't even let us lend her money, because she had a principle about being independent. When you and Ned chased in and drove poor June from our house and Ned found Gilbert Blye's card in ber giove, then it was all off?"

"When I sitpped out of Iris' window I had my purse, but no clothes," June pathetically remembered. "So I went out home to Brynport and stole my clothes and Marie.'

"Why did be go to Brynport at the same time?" Ned glared savagely at Blye.

"It was an inspiration." Gilbert Blye smiled susvely and stroked his black Vandyke with his long, lean white fingers, and his black eyes glowed. "We had just formed the Blye Stock company at the dinner party. Mr. Edwards," and he notided to the heavy man with the thick lidded eyes, "is our financial backer. Mr. Conningham," a nod for the white mustached man, "is our leading actor, who has also an interest in the company. I showed them the nicture of the beautiful six in the

water, it had given me a great idea ready spent \$75,000 on this feature? for a motion picture play. The Run- And if this girl quit we couldn't get away Bride. They were delighted with it, but we had no girl of the type."

"Wasn't I the Jenious little party?" laughed Tommy Thomas. "I was to be the only leading lady of the Blye Stock company."

Gilbert Blye favored the vivacious brunette with a pinch on the ear.

"I remembered hearing Mrs. Warner tell the old indy on the train that she must earn her own living. I was certain that she would screen well. Why not get the original heroine of the idea? Edwards and Countogham were enthusiastic. I had her address in her watch. I jumped in Cupningham's imousine and hurrled right out to Brynport."

"And we reached the cafe just in time to chase you." Bobble Blethering was beaming with eager interest. He was pieceing together a puzzle which had buffled him. "When Ned found your card we went to your bouse, and your wife told us you were at the din ner party."

"My wife," and a shade of amoyance passed over Blye's dark, band some face.

"And on the way in from Brynport my taxi broke down," June went on. "Mr. Blye appeared out of the darkness as if by magic and offered his Itmoustne."

"I have a confession to make," interrupted Blye. "I threw glass on the road." And there was a general movement of shocked understanding. All their cars had popped fires on that glass. "It was my only opportunity to stop the runaway bride. On the way In to the city I persuaded her that she could earn ber independence easier and quicker in moving picture work than in any other way."

"So I became a temporary member of the Blye Stock company. I was to play the lend in the feature which be elaborated after I told him about my money problem."

"That was a great idea!" Bive was very enthusiastic. "The man, the woman and the money! It will appeal to every class and condition of people.



"I was to be the only leading lady."

We're spending a fortune in advertising it. Look at this new twenty-four er in an unconsciously audible voice sheet poster." And, moving a piece of and Bouncer, who was leaping and ery, he displayed a big lithograph of "'The Runaway Bride,' by Gilbert of everybody and anybody. Hire; Portrayed by the Blye Stock Company,"

Ned Warner was the only one who paid no attention to the lithograph. His arms were still folded; his eyes were still cold. June looked at him, and her eyes filled with despair.

"Why was it necessary to bind and gng me and leave me all night in the woods?" the husband demanded.

"Ned, what do you mean? Did some one do that to you?" June was half sobbing, and there was general surprise on the part of the Blye Stock

company. "Oh. Miss Junie, I didn't mean it to go so far!" the bigh cheek boned maid. Marie, cried, and she was pulling her thumbs in rapid succession while Aunt Debby glared feroclously at her.

"You!" June cried. "Why, Marie!" And she looked in fright at Ned. There was a sneer on his lips.

"Well, Bouncer found Mr. Ned in Mrs. Villard's garden, and I knew you were hiding from Mr. Ned until you could make some money, so I told the chauffeur and the gardener not to let Mr. Ned see you or speak to you, and the next thing I knew Nr. Ned was

gone. He glared at Marie and June's beart sank. He shrugged his shoulders, as

if dismissing Marie's narrative. "I saw no cameras at Mrs. Villard's that night" And now he turned scowlingly to Orin Cunningham. "Yet I saw this man distinctly making love to my wife. And I saw Gilbert Blye doing the same thing!"

"We were rehearsing, Mr. Warner," expiained Blye quietly.

"Yes, Ned!" June was crying, but, though Ned saw her, he paid no attention to her.

"We were to take the actual picture the next morning in the studio, and we were working out some scenes. It may help you if I tell you that Mr. Cunningham is the pursuing villain in 'The Runaway Bride.' I have been directing the pictures. I have taken the liberty several times of showing Mr. Cunningham how I wished scenes enacted. I also play the deserted groom." And his black eyes flashed.

Ned laughed, but there was no mirth in it. June shrank under his contemptuous gaze, and her mother patted gently the hand which lay in her arm. "I'll swear it was not a moving pic-

ture rehearsel the night you dragged my wife out of the New York cafe and ok her on board your yacht." "You bet it wasn't." It was the heavy T. J. Edwards, and he was bobbing his round head vigorously. contract is a contract. When your wife saw you she wouldn't go on board the yacht; she wouldn't finish the pic-

beavens man do you know I had ai-

tures; she couldn't do anything.

another one to take her place, could we? So we dragged her on board the yacht." And he glared his defiance at all of them. Money was money.

Ned Warner had been sitting on the edge of a table. Now he sprang to his feet, and his eyes damed. He caught his wife by the wrist and pulled her

away from her mother. "Here's one thing you can't explain." He dropped her wrist, and she stood swaving with half closed eyes, but there was no mercy in him. "I saw you rush from a house in a filmy stage costume."

There was a strained tensity in the group which surrounded them. John Moore started to come to his daughter, but Ned flercely waved bim back. "It was moving picture work. Very well. But tell me this-bow could any girl who could not endure the humiliation of accepting money from her husband consent to appear on the street for any purpose in such a costume?"

There was a douthlike stillness among them, broken by a wild sobbing from the little runaway bride.

"Ned!" she cried, "Oh, Ned!" And she clung upon his arm. He held coldly rigid. "Forgive me! You can't know how I've suffered! You can't know how I've loathed it all! I was so mistaken, so wrong! I thought I had such a wonderful ideal. When I had achieved my independence, when I need no longer look to you for money, I was to return to you, and we were to walk hand in hand through life in that love which can be founded only upon mutual respect, which asks love for love and nothing more. I meant our love to be without a flaw. No man can understand the hurt to a woman when after marriage she becomes absolutely dependent on his charity."

"Why, Junie!" The small, mild voice of Mrs. Moore, and she stepped forward with deep concern on her gentle face. "What is all this talk about a husband's charity?" And she turned with wonder to Father Moore. "A busband makes only one gift to his wife, and that is at the altar. After that everything he has is hers, if people will only remember the marriage service. Your ring is a symbol of it. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Gilbert Blye clutched his black Vandyke and looked at the ceiling; then ha

smiled sunvely. "That's a great idea! I'll work it into the feature!" But no one heard him. There was an audible sniffle from Iris Biethering, and Tommy Thomas was

looking intensely sentimental. "And you, my sou!" She turned with surprising severity on Ned Warner. Have you forgotten that you promised to love, cherish and protect my daughter?"

There was a cry from the little runaway bride and a sob front Ned Warper as, oblivious to all around them. they clasped each other in a solemn embrace.

From that loving clasp the beautiful wife of Ned Warner raised a radiantly happy countenance to her mother.

"And I have no problem," she laughed, and then she cried. And Iris Blethering and Tommy Thomas sobbed together and formed a lasting friendship. And everybody was happy, including Marie and Officer Dowd, who had become conscious at the mention of the marriage service, and Aunt Debby, who was praising her Redeembarking indiscriminately for the benefit

"Where are they? Where are they?" screeched a shrill voice, and Honoria Bive burst into the group.

Gilbert Blye walked serenely over to meet ber.

"You may go home to your parrot, Hoporia," he advised her quite happily, Then there came a cold somberness in his black eyes. "You can't interfere with my business this time, as you have done ever since we were married. and you can no longer assume a domlnance over me with your money," Suddenly the glow returned to his black eves, and he looked to June and smiled his sunve smile. "I have worked out my independence."

CHAPTER III.

HERE was a gay supper party at the New York cafe that night. The Blye Stock company entertained their departing star and her friends. Ned Warner sat beside his happy June. There seemed an extra affection tonight between Father and Mother Moore and Bobbie and Iris Blethering, and Tommy Thomas was the gayest of the gay. The eyes of the white mustached Orin Cunningham twinkled incessantly, and heavy T. J. Edwards sat with a smile of intense satisfaction on his thick lips. The feature was finished without an accident, and the first of the films was fine. Bobble Blethering and Blye took an instant liking to one another. The old feud was entirely forgotten.

"They're good people, Ned." whispered the happy June. "And they were so good to me!"

Ned beamed down at June with delight in every inflection of her voice, in every turn of her beautiful head, in every fleeting expression of her lovely countenance, in every glance of her lustrous eyes. Quite forgotten was all the tearing strain of these past days; quite gone were all his bitterness and bate.

donned once again, June was a vision arrival. of beauty.

Up rose Gilbert Blye at the head of the table. In his hand he held a small shining object. He made a wonderful speech about it, a speech full ty."-Richmond Times-Dispatch of wit and sentiment and good will and things which made everybody happy, and with an extraordinary flourish of words be presented that watch

to the little runaway bride. Amid whacking applause the little runaway bride made a blushing speech of acceptance; then there was a whispered consultation between herself and the deserted groom, begun by a suggestion from the latter. Then up rose the beaming Ned Warner and made a

BANK STATEMENTS.

Statement of Assets and Liabilities of the

(Official Publication.)

Peoples Savings Bank and Trust Co.

of Moline, Illinois, at the close of business on the 31st day of Decembe 1914, as shown by the annual report made by the said bank as a trust cor pany, to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois, pursuated to law, and filed in the office of the said Auditor of Public Accounts on the 14th day of January, 1915.

Real estate Cash on hand and due from banks. Cash in hands of agents and in course of transmission Loans on real estate, being first liens thereon Loans on personal securities Stocks and bonds	. 404,520.30 . 1,435 . 1,154,126,27 . 808,303.66 . 857,064.44
Other assets, including accrued interest Overdrafts Furniture and fixtures.	348.58
Total assets	\$3,784,854,06

Surplus on hand...... 150,000.00 Undiv de l prents 20,000,00 Other Habilities: Bills payable Contingent fund 4.480.05 12,500.00

State of Illinois, County of Rock Island, sa: Nelson H. Greens, one of the managing officers, and H. D. Mack and G. H. Sohrbeck, two of the directors of the Peoples Savings Bank and Trust Company, a corporation of the State of Illinois, being severally duly sworn, each upon his oath states:

That he makes this affidavit for the purpose of complying with the requirements of Sections 9 and 10 of an act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, entitled, "An Act to Provide for and Regulate the Administration of Trusts, by Trust Companies."

That the foregoing report of the said Peoples Savings Bank and Trust Company on December 31st, 1914, and exhibits accompanying the same, are true and correct in all respects to the best of his knowledge and belief, and that he has examined the assets and books of the said

NELSON H. GREENE,

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 31st day of December, 1914. HELGRIED G. SWAN, Notary Public.

manty speech, a generous speech, a - \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ speech full of heart bursting happi ness, and amid great applause be presented that tiny watch to the dark, handsome, black Vandyked Gilbert 69

Then up rese Bobble Blethering and looked at the clock and motioned to the hend waiter.

"Well, it's train time." he proudly announced. Two of the party looked up in perplexity. Every one else was grinning.

"Goodby, Junie, dear!" And Iris Blethering, jumping from her chair, threw her arms around June's neck and sobbed happily. "Here are your tickets, Ned," called

smiling eved Father Moore, tossing over an envelope, and at that moment buy or exchange old gold and the doors of the private dining room opened, and in marched Aunt Debby and Marie laden with white ribboned 69 60

69

Cut Rate

69 1805 2nd Ave., Harper House Block-New Location.

30 Years in Business. Phone R. I.

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

Our Best R ecemmendation

is a long list of satisfied cusour rates to you

Amounts from \$5 to \$100 at proportionare rates.

Island and Moline each Wednesday and Saturday Call, write or phone Tri-City Lean Co.

219 Brady St. Davenport, ta.

Over L & L Passenger Station.

Phone, Davenport 2425.

Established 1986.

We have it and want to loan it to you.

RELIABLE

212 People's National Bank Bldg.

This Beats Paying Rent We sell modern homes or monthly payments or will take your old home as part payment

McINNIS BROS. General Contractors & Builders

Paving Road Oil, odorless and colorless. For laying dust for the summer season. Phone Rock Island

"Do you find the air of this neigh-In her wedding gown, which she had borhood salubrious?" asked the new "Not any more," replied the oldest inhabitant. "There has been a big improvement since they moved the glue factory to the other side of the coun All the news all the time. The Argus.

June Was a Vision of Beauty.

honeymoon luggage. June's mother

was at the farewell dinner, and she

smiled with Father Moore at the

thought that the happy couple did not

know that on the back of the Moore car

which was to take them to the railroad

station to finish their uncompleted hon-

eymoon was this legend: "JUST MAR-

Aunt Debby led the way with the

bride and groom as they started to

Bouncer leaped up as the rice be-

gan to shower upon the embarrassed bride, and Mother Moore leaned far

"Junie, dear, don't forget your purse

THE END.

It Made a Change.

WHY PAY RENT?

down and \$10 per month. Inquire

4. G. Cramer. Phone R. I. 1600-L.

Buy a house and lot, \$1,000; \$100

across and whispered:

leave.

Liabilities.

75:000:00

1,546,50

company for the purpose of making said report.

G. H. SOHRBECK

he Ain't the Man I Thought He was

Since doing business with 69 him I really see why the peo- 69 of AT him. In all his loans on diamonds, watches, jewelry, furniture, pianos, salarles, etc., he is the cheapest and most reliable of them all. We

69 silver, also repair your watch 69 and all kinds of jewelry for 1/2 price. This all comes from the meanest man in town or the celebrated

Loan Co.

tomers. Call and let us explain \$25 Total cost \$3.50 for three months.

Our representative is in Rock

If you are in need of \$10 or more call, write or phone R. I. 253 LOAN CO.

and the balance monthly. Located in the best residence

A STATE OF THE STA

FOR SALE.

1110. ILLINOIS OIL COMPANY.

25, 800